Essence

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by StratsWrote

Summary

“You know, when you asked me to do this, I looked it up. Traditionally, the fish isn’t supposed to touch my bare skin.”

“There are variations to every art form,” Hannibal said, resting rolls in the divots at the small of Will’s back. “Traditionally, though, the model is meant to be silent.”

“Pretty sure I’m supposed to be on my back for this,” Will said with a huff of a laugh. Hannibal hushed him, guiding him to lay out on the table on his stomach.

“Trust me,” he said, and Will always did.

The table was uncomfortably cold against Will’s stomach, his chest, but Hannibal’s hands were warm. They guided Will into place, reaching beneath him to guide his cock back between his legs so it was exposed even with how Will lay. Will hid his flushed face against the table until Hannibal guided his head to the side again.

“It’s important that you stay very still for this, Will.”

“Maybe you should sedate me,” Will muttered.

Hannibal smoothed a hand down his spine, another shock of warmth in the cool air. “Have a little faith in yourself. I do.”

He placed several trays out along Will’s side, the delicate rolls perfectly arranged already. “Did you make these, or order them?”

“You know me better than that,” Hannibal said, reaching for a tray. He began to create a line down Will’s spine, resting bites of sushi along the ridges. Will tried not to squirm at the chill, quickly warmed by the heat of his body.

“You know, when you asked me to do this, I looked it up. Traditionally, the fish isn’t supposed to touch my bare skin.”

“There are variations to every art form,” Hannibal said, resting rolls in the divots at the small of Will’s back. “Traditionally, though, the model is meant to be silent.”

Will rolled his eyes and bit his tongue. It was difficult to be quiet, with Hannibal carefully balancing nigiri on the curve of his ass. It made Will want to laugh, the ridiculousness of it all a sharp contrast to Hannibal’s serious demeanor.

He kept his mouth shut, even as Hannibal began to lay little bowls of sauces out around him.

“Now, remember, Will. No matter what, it is very important that you be still.”

“Yeah, I got that—*part!”* A cold, lube-slicked finger had slid into him, without warning. Will jerked and felt a roll between his shoulder blades wobble ominously.

“Still, Will,” Hannibal reminded him, crooking his finger, searching. Will let out a choked, sound, fists clenching at his sides.

“Hannibal—” Hannibal’s lips brushed his skin as he deftly ate a piece of sushi directly from Will’s backside. He hummed, the sound sending shivers down Will’s spine.

“Adequate. It would be better with sauce.”

Will squeezed his eyes shut tight, breath coming in quick pants as Hannibal found what he was looking for and began to rub insistently at Will's prostate.

Will wanted to protest. His brain had finally caught up to the procedure, and the sheer *tackiness* of the terrible, obvious pick-up line should have been beyond Hannibal.

But this was the man who made cannibal puns every chance he got, so really, Will should have known better.

Another finger slipped into Will, the massaging more insistent. Heat was building up inside of Will, with nowhere to go.

"Touch me," Will gasped. Hannibal set his teeth to the back of Will's thigh.

"Quiet and still," he growled. Will shuddered, losing one of the rolls over his spine. Hannibal's hand wrapped around him, not to stroke, but to guide, something cold pressing to the head of his cock.

A sauce bowl. Will groaned, but Hannibal's insistent fingers outweighed Will's mortification. He knew just how to touch Will, how to press and rub until Will was gasping, thighs trembling as his cock began to spill.

"There we go," Hannibal said, working Will through the climax until he began to whimper in pain. He pulled free of Will's twitching body, setting the bowl in front of Will's face. "Only one lost. You'll do better next time, won't you?"

Will let out a soft hum, his body lax, still thrumming with the aftershocks. Chopsticks brushed his back as Hannibal selected a roll, dipping it in the bowl. Will's cheeks flushed with color as he heard Hannibal's soft noise of pleasure at the taste.

The next roll was offered to Will, dripping wet. Hannibal's hand rested warm over his spine, as if sensing his hesitation.

"Just a taste," he said, thumb rubbing circles into Will's skin. "I'll give you a plain one, after."

Will opened his mouth. It tasted much like he expected it to. Salty, bitter. Not as unpleasant as it could have been. But the idea behind it, the submission of it…

A few minutes later, when Hannibal dipped the last roll in Will's essence and offered it up to him, Will opened his mouth again.

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